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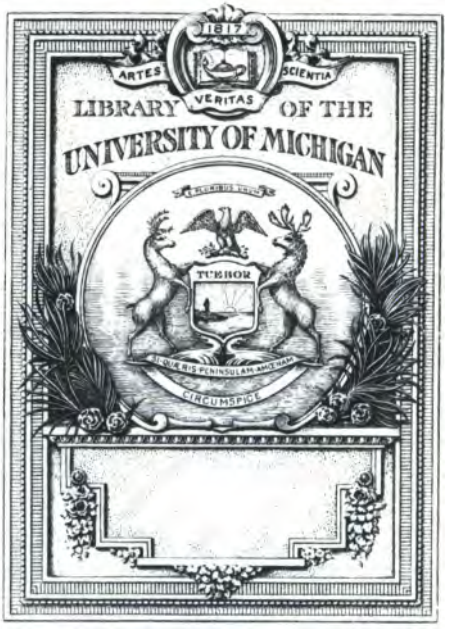
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THE TRIBUNE PRIMER

By
Eugene Field

BOSTON
PRIVATELY PRINTED
1900

The Tribune Primer

BY

EUGENE FIELD

BOSTON
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1900

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FOR THE COLLECTOR.

"THE TRIBUNE PRIMER," EUGENE FIELD'S first book, was issued in Denver in 1882, when the author was editor of *The Denver Tribune.* The first edition was a 24mo bound in pink paper covers, and not over fifty copies were printed, of which probably less than ten are in existence. It is said that a copy was sold recently for $125.

"THE MODEL PRIMER," being selections from "THE TRIBUNE PRIMER," with illustrations, was issued by FRED TREDWELL, Brooklyn, 1882. This is a 16mo with paper covers, and worth about $18.00.

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THE TRIBUNE PRIMER.

THE EDITOR'S HOME.

Here is a Castle. It is the Home of an Editor. It has stained Glass windows and Mahogany stairways. In front of the Castle is a Park. Is it not Sweet? The lady in the Park is the editor's wife. She wears a Costly robe of Velvet trimmed with Gold Lace, and there are Pearls and Rubies in her Hair. The editor sits on the front Stoop smoking an Havana Cigar. His little Children are playing with diamond Marbles on the Tesselated Floor. The editor can afford to Live in Style. He gets Seventy-Five Dollars a month Wages.

THE CHEWING GUM.

Here we Have a Piece of Chewing Gum. It is White and Sweet. Chew it awhile and Stick it on the Under Side of the Mantel Piece. The Hired Girl will find it There and Chew it awhile Herself and then Put it Back. In this Way one Piece of Gum will Answer for a Whole Family. When the Gum is no Good, Put it in the Rocking Chair for the Minister or your Sister's Beau to sit upon.

THE BAD MAN.

Here is a Man who has just Stopped his Paper. What a Miserable looking Creature he is. He looks as if he had been stealing Sheep. How will he Know what is going on, now that he has Stopped his Paper? He will Borrow his Neighbor's Paper. One of these Days he will Break his leg, or be a Candidate for Office, and then the Paper will Say Nothing about it. That will be treating him just Right, will it not, little Children?

THE OYSTER.

Here we have on oyster. It is going to a Church Fair. When it Gets to the Fair, it will Swim around in a big Kettle of Warm Water. A Lady will Stir it with a Spoon, and sell the Warm Water for Forty Cents a pint. Then the Oyster will move on to the next Fair. In this Way, the Oyster will visit all the Church Fairs in Town, and Bring a great many Dollars into the Church Treasury. The Oyster goes a great Way in a Good Cause.

THE POOR DOG.

The Dog looks sick. He has been celebrating the Fourth of July. There is a Bunch of Fire Crackers tied to his Tail, also a tin Dipper. The Dipper does not Seem to Bother him as much as the Fire Crackers. He is Wishing it was Christmas. We fear he is not a Patriotic Dog.

THE NASTY OIL.

Do not take the Castor Oil. It is very Nasty and will Make you sick. Mamma wants you to Take it so you Will be Sick and can't go Out and Play with the other Boys and Girls. If Mamma will give you a Velocipede and a Goat and a Top and a Doll, then you may Take the Castor Oil and it will not Hurt you.

THE HUMOROUS BOY.

This man is a School Teacher. He is going to Sit Down in the Chair. There is a Bent Pin in the Chair, and it will Bite the School Teacher. The School Teacher is a very able Man, and he will find it out as soon as the Bent Pin Tackles Him. Will the School Teacher rise again? We should smile. But the School Teacher will not smile. He will Play a Sonata with the Ferrule on the Boy's Back. The Boy put the

Bent Pin in the Chair. He is Trying to be a Humorist. When the School Teacher gets Through with him, the Boy will Eat his Meals from the Mantel-Piece for a Week.

THE HACK-DRIVER.

What is the Man in a Big Coat and Broad Hat? It is a Hack-Driver. What is a Hack-Driver? He frequently is a Reformed Train-Robber. He does not Rob Trains any more, but he Robs poor Young men who are too Full to Walk Home at Night. Does the Hack-Driver Drink? Yes, whenever he is invited. He will also smoke one of your Cigars if you Urge him. Will the Hack-Driver stop the Hack at the Corner and let you Walk the Rest of the Way to the House, so you may Tell your Wife you Walked all the Way Home? He will, by a large majority.

THE FOOLISH ROACH.

This is a Cock Roach. He is Big, Black and Ugly. He is Crawling over the Pillow. Do not Say a Word, but lie still and Keep your Mouth open. He will Crawl into Your Mouth and You can Bite him in Two. This will Teach him to be more Discreet in Future.

THE GUN.

This is a gun. Is the Gun loaded? Really, I do not know. Let us Find out. Put the Gun on the table and you, Susie, blow down one barrel, while you, Charlie, blow down the other. Bang! Yes, it was loaded. Run quick, Jennie, and pick up Susie's head and Charlie's lower jaw before the Nasty Blood gets over the New carpet.

THE UNFORTUNATE MOUSIE.

Poor little Mouse! He got into the Flour Barrel and Made Himself Dead. The Cook baked him in a Loaf

of Bread, and here he lies on the Table cut in two by the Sharp bread Knife. But we will not Eat poor Mouse. We will eat the Bread, but we will Take the Mousie and Put him in the Cistern.

THE COAL HOD.

Oh, how nice and Black the Coal-Hod is! Run, children, Run quick and put your Little Fat hands in it. Mercy me, your Hands are as Black as the Coal-Hod now! Hark! Mamma is Coming. She will spank you when she Finds your Hands so Dirty. Better go and Rub the Black Dirt off on the Wall Paper before she Comes.

THE EDITOR'S KNIFE.

Here we have a Knife. It looks like a Saw, but it is a knife. It belongs to an Editor, and is used for Sharpening Pencils, killing Roaches, opening Champagne Bottles, and Cutting the Hearts out of Bad men who Come into the office to Whale the Reporters. There is Blood on the Blade of the Knife, but the Editor will Calmly Lick it off, and then the Blade will be as clean and Bright as ever. The Knife cost seventy Cents, and was Imported from London, Connecticut. If you are Good, perhaps the Editor will Give it to you to Cut off the Cat's Tail.

THE PRETTY PARROT.

What a nice Bird this is! It is a Parrot. See it Stand on its Perch with its Beak, while its Legs kind of Lay around Loose in the Air. Will the Parrot swear? Just pull his tail and See. Oh, what a Profane bird! The Lady should not Teach her Parrot to Swear, because when the Preacher comes he will feel Bad about it. Would you like a little Wax finger? Then put your Hand in the Parrot's Mouth and let him Fondle it awhile. The Doctor will see you Later.

THE CONTRIBUTION PLATE.

This is a Contribution Plate. It has just been Handed around. What is there upon it? Now Count very Slow or you will Make a Mistake. Four Buttons, one Nickel, a Blue Chip and one Spectacle glass. Yes, that is Right. What will be Done with all these Nice things? They will be sent to foreign Countries for the good of the Poor Heathens. How the Poor Heathens will Rejoice!

MAMMA'S SCISSORS.

These are Mamma's Scissors. They do not Seem to be in good Health. Well, they are a little Aged. They have considerable Work to Do. Mamma uses them to Chop Kindling, cut Stove Pipe, pull Tacks, drive Nails, cut the children's Hair, punch new Holes in the Calendar, slice Bar soap, pound beef Steak, open tomato Cans, Shear the New Foundland dog and cut out her New silk Dress. Why doesn't Papa get Mamma a new Pair of Scissors? You should not Ask such a Naughty question. Papa cannot Afford to Play Billiards and Indulge his Extravagant Family in the Luxuries of Life.

THE NOSE.

Is this a Locomotive Headlight? No. Then it Must be a Drug Store Illumination? No, it is a Man's Nose. What a Funny Nose it is. It looks like a Bonfire. Half a dozen such Noses would Make a Gaudy Fourth of July Celebration. It is too Bad that such a lovely tinted Nose should have such a Homely Man behind it. The Nose has Cost the Man a great Deal of Borrowed Money. If it were not for the Nose a Great many Breweries would Close and a great many Distilleries would Suspend. If the Man drinks too much

Water, his nose will lose its Color. He must be Careful about this. How many such Noses would it take to make a Rainbow half a Mile long? Ask the man to let you Light your Cigar by his Nose.

THE MULE.

Is this not a mule? Tickle his Heel and See. You had better send for a Doctor and a Minister. If it had been a Piano instead of a Mule you would not Have to Wear yourself in a Sling for the next Six Months. Do you not wish it had been a Piano!

THE BOTTLE.

This is a Bottle. What is in the Bottle? Very bad Whiskey. It has been Sent to the Local Editor. He did not Buy it. If he had Bought it the Whiskey would have been Poorer than it is. Little Children, you Must never Drink Bad Whiskey.

THE FUGITIVE.

The picture is of an Editor Sneaking down an Alley. The man on the Sidewalk is a Jeweler. The Editor Owes him Eight Thousand dollars for Diamonds. That is Why the Editor sneaks down the Alley instead of Meeting the Jeweler. Would you Like to be an Editor and Sneak down an Alley?

GENEROUS RICHARD.

This is good Little Richard. His Mamma has Taught him to be Generous. See, he has the Measles, and he is going over to Give them to his Neighbors. Is he not a Nice Boy? When you get the Measles, you must give them to all the little Boys and Girls you can. If you Do, maybe your Mamma will Give you Something. I guess she will Give you a Licking.

THE PROOF-READER.

See the Proof-Reader. He has been reading the Proof of a Medical Convention. He is not Swearing. He is reading the Bible. You cannot See the Bible. It is Locked up in an Iron Box in the Editor's Room. The Proof-Reader is Saying something about Damming Something. Perhaps it is the Creek.

THE HASH.

Is this a Chignon? No, it is a Plate of Hash. But where are the Brush and Comb. We cannot serve the Hash unless we have a Brush and Comb. The Comb is in the Butter, and the Baby has put the Brush in the Coffee-Pot. Don't cry, Children, we will Give you some nice Molasses with Pretty, green Flies in it.

SLEEPY KITTY.

The Cat is Asleep on the Rug. Step on her Tail and See if she will Wake up. Oh, no; She will not wake, she is a heavy Sleeper. Perhaps if you Were to saw her Tail off with the Carving knife you might Attract her attention. Suppose you try.

THE DEEP WELL.

The Well is very Dark and Deep. There is Nice Cool Water in the Well. If you Lean way Over the Side, maybe you will Fall in the Well and down in the Dear Water. We will Give you some Candy if you will Try. There is a Sweet Little Birdie in the Bottom of the Well. Your Mamma would be Surprised to find you in the Well, would she not?

THE STATESMAN.

Here is a Statesman. He makes Speeches about the poor Tax-Payer and Drinks Whiskey. His Pants are too Short for him. He must Have Stood in a Puddle of Water when he got Measured for them. He picks his

Teeth with a Fork and Wipes his Nose on the Bottom of Sofas and Chairs. If you Neglect your Education and Learn to Chew plug Tobacco, maybe you will be a Statesman some time. Some Statesmen go to Congress and some go to Jail. But it is the Same Thing, after all.

THE MOTHERLESS INFANT.

The Man has a Baby. The Baby is Three weeks Old. Its Mamma Died two Years ago. Poor little Baby! Do you not Feel Sorry for it?

PAPA READING.

How nice Papa looks sitting by the Fire reading the Police Gazette. He is very fond of Literature. See how absorbed he is. There is a Torpedo on the Mantel Piece. Take it Down and Throw it at Papa's bald Head. That is right. Papa is not so absorbed as he was. He seems to be Hunting for a Strap.

WILLIAM AND THE GIRL.

The Girl has pretty Eyes and Red Lips. She is going to Take a Walk in the Star Lit Glen, where the Cricket chirps in the Hedge and the Jiggers play in the grass. William is Going to Walk in the Glen, too. He will Meet the Girl and they will Talk about the Weather. We wouldn't Give a Cent for that Piece of Court Plaster on the Girl's chin by the Time the Girl gets Back home.

THE MUD.

The Mud is in the Street. The Lady has on a pair of Red Stockings. She is Trying to Cross the Street, Let us all give Three cheers for the Mud.

THE GAME OF CROQUET.

Here we Have a Game of Croquet. Henry has just Hit Nellie with a mallet, and Nellie is calling Henry

naughty Names. Their Mother is not much of a Croquet player, but in a minute she will Come out and Beat them Both.

THE OCCUPIED BOY.

The Boy is Sitting Down eating Jam. His Mamma is coming through the Door. The Boy will stand up, the Next bowl of Jam he Eats.

THE DELICATE GIRL.

The Girl is Scratching her Back against the Door. She has been eating Buckwheat Cakes. Her Beau thinks she is Delicate, but he has Never seen her Tackle a Plate of Hot Cakes on a Frosty Morning. Cakes had better Roost High when she is Around. If we Were the Girl we Should wear Sand-Paper lining in the Dress, and not be Making a Hair-Brush out of the Poor Door.

THE PEACH.

The Peach is hard and Green. He is Waiting for a Child to Come along and eat him. When he gets into the Child's little Stomach he will Make things Hot for that Child. The Child Who eats the Peach will be an Angel before he Gets a Chance to Eat another. If there were No green Peaches there would not be so many Children's Sizes of Gold Harps in Heaven.

THE WASP.

See the Wasp. He has pretty yellow Stripes around his Body, and a Darning Needle in his Tail. If you Will Pat the Wasp upon the Tail, we will Give you a Nice Picture Book.

THE PROUD MAN.

This is the Man who has had a Notice in the Paper. How Proud he is. He is Stepping Higher than a Blind Horse. If he had Wings he would Fly. Next week the Paper will say the Man is a Measly Old Fraud, and the Man will not Step so High.

THE PRINTER.

Behold the Printer. He is Hunting for a Pickup of half a Line. He has Been Hunting for Two Hours. He could have Set the half Line in Twenty Seconds, but it is a Matter of Principle with him Never to set what he Can pick up. The Printer has a Hard time. He has to Set Type all Night, and Play Pedro for the Beer all day. We would Like to Be a Printer were it not for the Night Work.

THE BAD MAMMA.

Why is this little Girl crying? Because her Mamma will not let her put Molasses and Feathers on the Baby's face. What a bad Mamma! The little Girl who never had any Mamma must enjoy herself. Papas are Nicer than Mammas. No little Girl ever Marries a Mamma, and perhaps that is Why Mammas are so Bad to little Girls. Never mind; when Mamma goes out of the Room, Slap the horrid Baby, and if it Cries, you can tell your Mamma it Has the Colic.

THE PLUMBER.

This sorry Spectacle is a Plumber. He is Ragged and Cold and Hungry. He is Very, very Poor. When you See him Next spring he Will be Very, very Rich, and will wear Diamonds and Broadcloth. His wife takes in Washing now, but She will be able to Move in the First Circles by the Time the Weather Turns Warmer and the Pansies Bloom again.

THE NAUGHTY RAT.

The Rat is Gnawing at the Baby's Ear. The Baby is in the Cradle, and is so Little it cannot Help itself. Oh, how Piteously it is Crying! The Rat does not care a Cent, and keeps Eating away at the Baby's Ear. When it gets this Ear eaten off it will Crawl over the

Baby's neck and eat the other Ear. Where is the Baby's Mamma? She is Down in the Back Yard Talking over the fence to the neighbors about her New Dress. You must Tell your Mamma never to Leave you Alone in the Cradle, or a Rat may Eat off your Poor little Ears.

THE BABY.

Here we have a baby. It is composed of a Bald Head and a Pair of Lungs. One of the Lungs takes a Rest while the Other runs the Shop. One of them is always On Deck all of the Time. The Baby is a Bigger man than his Mother. He likes to Walk around with his Father at Night. The Father does Most of the Walking and All of the Swearing. Little Girls, you will Never Know what it is to be a Father.

THE FIVE-CENT CIGAR.

What Smells so? Has somebody been burning a Rag, or is there a Dead Mule in the Back yard? No, the Man is Smoking a Five-Cent Cigar. The Cigar has a Breath on him like the Chimes of Normandy or a salivated cheese Factory. It is strong enough to raise a mortgage or Lick a postage stamp. The man will chew a piece of Assafætida by and by to take the Taste of the Cigar out of his mouth.

THE PIECE OF TRIPE.

It is a Piece of Tripe. When it has been Fried, the Man will Eat it. Then he will Go to Bed and Dream of his Mother-in-Law and other Awful things. Tripe is Nice to Eat just Before you want to Die. Little children never Eat any Kind of Meat at supper unless they Want to Dream about getting Spanked.

THE HIRED GIRL.

This is an Hired Girl. She has Something in her Hand. It is a Can, and there is Coal Oil inside. The

Hired Girl is going to Light a Fire in the Kitchen Stove. She has been Disappointed in Love, and Desires to Die. She will Put some of the Oil in the Stove, and Light it with a Match. In about half a Minute she will be Twanging a Gold Harp among the Elect in Heaven.

THE NASTY TOBACCO.

What is the Nasty looking Object? It is a Chew of Tobacco. Oh, how Naughty it is to Use the Filthy Weed. It makes the teeth black, and Spoils the parlor Carpet. Go quick and Throw the horrid Stuff away. Put it in the Ice Cream Freezer or in the Coffee Pot, where Nobody can See it. Little girls, you Should never chew Tobacco.

THE LAMP POST.

See the Lamp-Post. By its Dim Rays you can Behold the Electric Light across the Street. There is a Man Leaning against the Lamp-Post. Perhaps the Lamp-Post would Fall if it Were not For the Man. At any rate the Man would Fall if it Were not For the Lamp-Post. What is the Matter with the Man? He appears disquieted. He is Trying to Work his Boots up Through his Mouth. He will have an Headache to-morrow, and Lay it to the Altitude.

THE LAP.

The Mother has made a Lap. The Boy is in the Lap. He is Looking at the Carpet. What has the Mother in her Hand? She has a Shingle in her Hand. What will she Do with the Shingle? She will Put it Where it will Do the Most Good.

MENTAL ARITHMETIC.

How many Birds are there in Seven soft-boiled Eggs?

If you have Five Cucumbers and eat Three, what will you have left? Two? No, you are Wrong. You

will have more than that. You will have Colic enough to Double you up in a Bow Knot for Six Hours. You may go to the Foot of the Class.

A Man had Six Sons and Four Daughters. If he had had Six Daughters and Four Sons, how many more Sons than Daughters would he have had?

If a Horse weighing 1,600 pounds can Haul four tons of Pig Iron, how many Seasons will a Front Gate painted Blue carry a young Woman on One Side and a young Man on the other?

THE FOREMAN.

Who is this Ferocious looking Man? He is Foreman in a Printing office. He gets Paid for Throwing Men Down Stairs when they Come in to Lick the Editor, and for Putting wrong dates at the Head of the Paper. He can Pi more type in fifteen Minutes than Seven Printers can Set up in Two weeks. He loves to ask the Editor for Copy. If it were not for Him, the Paper would Look pretty Well every morning. Everything would be Fat and none of the Live Ads would be Left out.

MAGGIE AND THE GAS.

Mamma has gone out of the Room and Left little Maggie in Bed all alone. The Gas is Burning, and Maggie cannot go to Sleep. What shall she do? She should Crawl out of Bed, go to the Bureau and Blow out the Gas. Then she can go to Sleep like a good little Girl. That is what you would do, is it not, Dear Little Children?

THE FROG.

The Frog is Sitting on the Log. He is Waiting for a Fly to come Along. He has Business with the Fly. While he is Waiting let us Have some Fun with him. Put a Lighted Fire-cracker in his Mouth. Where is the

Frog now? Why, there He is in the Water with his Ears blown out. Why does he not Come back to the Log? Perhaps he has Forgotten all about the Fly.

THE DRAMATIC CRITIC.

The Dramatic critic is Asleep. The play Does not Interest him. He will give it Thunder in the Paper. The Actors will be Sorry when they Read the Paper because it will Say they are not Artists. After the Play, the Critic will go to the Variety Show. Will he Sleep there? No, he will Not. The lady in the Short Dress and Pink Tights will Buy six Copies of the Paper in the Morning because the Critic will Say she is an Artist. It is very Comfortable to be an Artist when there are Critics in the Neighborhood.

THE AWFUL BUGABOO.

Oh, what a Bad Mamma to Leave Little Esther all Alone in the Dark Room. No wonder Esther is Crying. She is afraid a Big Bugaboo will come down the Chimney and Eat her up. Bugaboos like to Eat little Children. Did you ever see a Bugaboo with its Big Fire Eyes and Cold Teeth all over Blood? The next Time Mamma leaves you Alone in a Dark room, perhaps One will Come to Eat you.

THE JOKE AND THE MINSTREL.

Here we have a Joke and a Man. The Joke is very Old. It is Bald and Toothless. It must Be about one Thousand years Old. The Man wears a Big Diamond and a Shiny plug Hat. He is a Negro Minstrel. Go and give the Old, Old Joke to him and he will Take care of it very Tenderly. It is his Business. He gets Forty dollars a week for it.

THE RED HOT STOVE.

The Stove is Red Hot. Run, Ella, and get the Cas-

tor and put some Red Pepper on the Stove. Then when Mamma comes in, She will be Red Hot too.

THE BLIND MAN.

The old Man is Blind and cannot See. He holds his Hat in his Hand and there is a Dime in the Hat. Go up quietly and Take the Dime out of the Hat. The Man cannot See you. Next Sunday you can put the Dime in the Sabbath School box and the Teacher will Praise you. Your Papa will put some Money in the Contribution box, too. He will put More in than you do. But his Opportunities for Robbing are better than yours.

THE BOIL.

This is a Boil. It is on the Man's Neck. Would you like to Feel it? If you Do, the Man will Feel it, too. The Boil is a mean Thing, and it is a Coward. If you strike it, it will Run. But the Man will not Run. He will Dance and make Remarks. Boils may start Way down near a little Boy's waist-band but they always come to a Head at last.

THE APPLE.

The Apple is in the Basket. A Worm is in the Apple. It is a juicy little white Worm. Suppose you Eat the Apple, where will the Worm be?

THE SUGAR BOWL.

Who Put the Salt in the Sugar bowl? Mamma is anxious to Find out. Willie is Busy looking out of the Window. Can you guess what he is thinking about? Perhaps he is Wondering what Mamma will Give him before he Goes to Bed without his Supper. If we were Willie, we would Feel safer with a Latin Grammar in the Seat of our Pants.

THE PICNIC AND THE PIE.

Here we have a Picnic. Is it not Jolly? The

children are Running around and Playing Tag. But where is the Custard Pie? A moment ago it was Under the Elm Tree. Can it be that Mr. Jones is Sitting on the Custard Pie? Alas, it is too True! And Miss Smith is laughing at him. He looks as Badly Broke up as the Pie, does he Not?

DAISY AND JAMES.

Daisy is crying. Poor little Girl, we are Sorry for her. James has Hit her in the Eye with a Dornick. Fie on James to Do so, and Fie on Daisy not to Hit him back. Will Daisy pray for James to-night? No. She will Pull the Slats from his Bed, so he will Fall and Break his Arm on the Floor. That will be Right, will it not, Children?

THE DIAMOND PIN.

Here is a Diamond Pin. The Editor won it at a Church Fair. There were Ten Chances at Ten Cents a Chance. The Editor Mortgaged his Paper and Took one Chance. The Pin is Worth seven hundred Dollars. Editors like Diamonds. Sometimes they Wear them in their Shirts, but Generally in their Mind.

THE INK BOTTLE.

Can you See the Ink Bottle on the Table? It is Full of Nice Black Ink. If you Want to, you can Pour the Ink out on the Carpet. It makes the Carpet look Black, too, does it Not? Sit down on the Carpet and Put both of your Little Paddies in the Ink. See, your Fingers are Covered with the Ink? What a Nice picture you can Make on the Wall Paper now. Make a Picture of a Big Man and a Little Girl. Do you want to Put Some Ink on the Lace Curtain? Very well, Put it on Carefully, for you Should never Waste the Ink or anything else. This will be Quite a Surprise to Mamma when she Comes in.

THE DELIGHTFUL MUD HOLE.

What a Delightful Mud Hole! It is quite Deep and Inviting. How Cool and Pleasant it must be in the Mud Hole. Good little Boys and Girls can Play in the Mud Hole and Make Lots of Nice Patty Cakes. Tell the Baby to Come, too, and then you can Put Mud in his Ears and he will Splash the pretty Black Water all over Susie's new Frock.

THE CANARY BIRD.

The Canary Bird is Lonesome in the Cage. He has Drawn one of his Little Legs up So High you can See it Sticking Through his Back. Poor Birdie! Are you not Sorry for Him? Suppose you Let him out of the Nasty Cage. Kitty is in the Next Room. Call her in to see Birdie. She will be glad to see Birdie. Will Birdie be Glad to see Kitty?

A LITTLE NOVEL.

Once there was a Little Girl who Lived all By Herself on a Lone Island. She was Oftentimes very Lonesome and as she Grew up she Longed for a Sweet Heart, but as there was nobody Else on the Island, of Course she could not Have a Beau. She had Four little Girl Babies and Three little Boy babies and She Gave them all the Candy they wanted. One day as she was giving them Some Candy, a Brave Young Prince landed on the Island and Seeing Her fell in Love with Her. She had never Seen a Man before and she did not Know what to say when he Asked her to Marry him. "What will Become of My little Daughter Bella!" she asked. "She can Marry my Father, the King," said the Prince. So they All went to Church and were Married and Lived on the Lone Island happily to the end of their Lives.

THE BUSINESS MANAGER.

Here we Have a Business Manager. He is Blowing about the Circulation of the Paper. He is Saying the Paper has Entered upon an Era of Unprecedented Prosperity. In a Minute he will Go up Stairs and Chide the Editor for leaving the Gas Burning while he Went out for a Drink of Water, and he will dock a Reporter Four Dollars because a Subscriber has Licked him and he cannot Work. Little Children, if we Believed Business Managers went to Heaven, we would Give up our Pew in Church.

THE CITY EDITOR.

Here we Have a City Editor. He is Talking with the Foreman. He is saying he will have a Full Paper in the Morning. The Foreman is Smiling Sadly. Maybe he is Thinking the Paper will have a Full City Editor before Morning.

JOHNNY AND THE PEARS.

Mamma had two Pears. She Gave One to Johnny and Put the Other on the Pantry Shelf. Johnny ate his Pear and Cried for the Other. No, said the Cruel Mamma, you cannot have it, for I am going to Eat it all by Myself and not Give anybody a Bite. But Johnny was too Smart for Mamma. When she Went into the Parlor, he Stole into the Pantry and tried to knock the Pear down with the Broom. He had hard work, but after Breaking some Crockery and several Goblets, his Perseverance was Rewarded and down came the Pear. He ate it all up Quick and it Tasted awful good. Johnny told Mamma the Cat had eaten the Pear and Broken the Dishes, but what Mamma gave Johnny was not a new Velocipede. Little boys, let us Try to do Like good little Johnny and our Mammas will feel for us.

THE BOW-LEGGED MAN.

The Man is Bow-Legged. But he cannot Help it and you Must not Laugh at him. He got Bow-Legged ploughing on a side Hill when he was a Boy. The Tailor has to Cut out his Pants with a Circular Saw.

THE LOBSTER.

This is not a Big Spider. It is a Lobster. He is Green now, but when he Gets into Hot Water he will Look Red and Feel Blue. The Lobster carries his Teeth on his Arm. Pat him on the Teeth. Maybe the Teeth will Kind of Take to You.

THE FOURTH CORPORAL.

This is a Fourth Corporal. He Walks stiff Legged behind a Company of Soldiers and Carries a Musket at Half-Mast. He is fond of Human Blood and Delights in Carnage. Has the Fourth Corporal ever been in a War? No. Then what does he Know about War? He had a Cousin who Married a Man by the Name of Gunn.

THE SWEET HOME.

Mamma is Larruping Papa with the Mop Handle. The children are Fighting over a Piece of Pie in the Kitchen. Over the Piano there is a Beautiful Motto in a gilt Frame. The Beautiful Motto says there is no Place like Home.

THE FLY.

The Fly is walking on the Window. Now he has Stopped to think, and he is Running his Legs through his Hair. Can we not Do something to Entertain the fly? Suppose we Catch him and Squeeze some of his Insides out on a Piece of Paper and Let him go. The paper will Follow the Fly all over the House, and will Serve as a frightful Example to the other Flies.

THE MOUSE TRAP.

Can you See the Mouse Trap? I wonder if it is Set? Put your Finger in one of the Holes and See. There is a little Mouse caught in one of the Holes on the other Side. Pull him out by the Tail. He appears to be Dead. Perhaps the trap was not Well enough Ventilated for him. Take poor little dead Mouse and put him in Sister Dora's bed where she Can see him when she Pulls back the sheet to-night.

JAMES AND THE FAIRY.

Mamma told little James not to go out of the Yard. But little James disobeyed mamma and Ran away. As he was going down the Street a Fairy met him and said did you Run away from Home? Well, I should Smile, replied little James. And then the Fairy gave him a new Top and Lots of Beautiful Glass Marbles. Little James never Forgot the good Fairy, and he used to Run away from Home every Day so the Fairy would give him Nice Presents. Children, who knows but what the Fairy will give you a Nice Present if you Run Away?

THE ALBUM.

Here we Have an Album. It is full of Pictures for little Children with Dirty Fingers to look at. Here are two Pictures of Papa. This is one of Him before he was Married to Mamma. He looks like a Two-year-old Colt behind a Band of Music. Here is a picture of Papa after he Married Mamma. Now he Looks like a Government Mule hauling a Load of Pig Iron. See if you Can put your finger on the Nose and the Eyes and the Mouth of Each Picture. Turn down a Leaf when you Come to a Pretty Picture you Like. The baby is Eating Bread and Molasses. Let him Take the Album and Look at the Pictures, too.

THE HERDIC.

This is a Herdic. What is the Sign on the Herdic? The Sign tells us the Herdic is full. Oh, who would not gladly be a Herdic?

OUR ESTEEMED CONTEMPORARY.

This awkward sheet is our Esteemed Contemporary. It is Run by an Unhung Felon. We would not Give him a Glass of Water to Save his Life, but we would Take a Beer with him if we were Properly Approached. Our esteemed Contemporary has no Circulation and its influence is Correspondingly Small. It cuts Advertising Rates and is So Mean it would Skin a Skunk to Save a Scent. If we had Our Way, we would Suspend our Esteemed Contemporary and Put its Editors and Reporters in Jail where they belong.

THE BILLY GOAT.

This strange looking creature is a Billy Goat. He has a Beard on him that Looks like Papa's, and he is a Stronger Butter than Mamma uses for Cooking. What is the Billy Goat doing? He is Eating an Oyster Can. If you Were to go up and Pull the Billy Goat's beard you Would feel Something Drop. And it would not be the Billy Goat, Either.

THE POET.

Who is this Creature with Long Hair and a Wild Eye? He is a Poet. He writes Poems on Spring and Women's Eyes and Strange, unreal Things of that Kind. He is always Wishing he was Dead, but he wouldn't Let anybody Kill him if he could Get away. A mighty good Sausage Stuffer was Spoiled when the Man became a Poet. He would Look well Standing under a Descending Piledriver.

PAPA'S RAZOR.

What is This we See? It is a Razor and Papa uses

it Every morning to make his Neck sore. It looks Pretty Sharp. Draw it across your Fingers and Make it Dull. You could Cut your Name on the Mantel Piece with the Razor if you Were to Try. A Razor is a Handy Thing to have in a House where there are Corns and Piano Legs to Carve. It is also Just the Thing to Cut off the Kitten's Tail with.

THE KINDLY OLD MAN.

The Girl is at the Gate. A young Man is coming down the Lane. The Girl's papa is Sitting on the Front Porch. He is very Old. He has raised a Family of Eleven children. What is the Poor old Man thinking about, and why Does he Gaze so Intently at his right Boot? Maybe he is thinking about Raising the Young Man who is Coming down the Lane.

THE HORSE-RADISH.

Willie has Found some Horse-Radish. It is in a Jar labeled Jam. He has just Taken a Big Mouthful of the Horse-Radish. There are Tears in his Eyes. Perhaps he is Crying because he loves in Vain.

THE EDITOR'S VALISE.

Here we Have a Valise. It does not Weigh Four hundred Pounds. It is the Valise of an Editor. In the Valise are Three Socks and a Bottle and a Book. There is Something in the Bottle. Maybe it is Arnica for the Editor's Sore Finger. The Book is Baxter's Saints Rest. The Socks got into the Valise by Mistake. Perhaps the Bottle will get into the Editor by Mistake.

THE CATERPILLAR.

The Caterpillar is Crawling along the Fence. He has Pretty Fur all over his Back, and he Walks by Wrinkling up his Skin. He is full of Nice yellow Custard. Perhaps you had better take him into the house, where it is warm, and Mash him on the Wall

Paper with Sister Lulu's Album. Then the Wall Paper will Look as if a Red Headed Girl had been leaning Against it.

PAPA'S SORE TOE.

Poor Papa has got a Sore Toe. The Toe is Wrapped up in a Wet Rag. What would the Toe Say if you were to Drop a Flat Iron on it? It would not say Anything. Toes cannot Talk. But Papa would be Apt to be Heard From.

THE BEAUTIFUL PIANO.

What a Beautiful Piano! You Can see your Face on the Cover. If you Had a Pin you could Scratch Nice Pictures all Over the Piano. Will you Play on the Piano? Your Fingers are not Long Enough, are they? But you can Pound on the Pretty Keys with your little Fists. Maybe, if you Pound Hard enough Mamma will Come to See who is Making such Lovely Music.

THE MUCILAGE.

The Bottle is Full of Mucilage. Take it and Pour some Mucilage into Papa's Slippers. Then when Papa Comes home, it will Be a Question whether there will be More Stick in the Slippers than on your Pants.

THE BABY'S NOSE.

The Baby's Nose is a Queer sort of Thing. The baby cannot Walk but its Nose Can Run. Take the bottle of Ammonia and hold it Under the Baby's Nose and See what a Funny Face the Baby will make. There is Nothing like a Baby's getting used to Ammonia young. It may be a Trifle hard to the Ammonia.

BENNIE AND THE TACK.

Bennie has Heard his Papa say the Tack is a Useful Object, and he has put a Tack in Papa's chair. The

business End of the Tack is Pointed upwards. Bennie is evidently Anxious to get at the Bottom Facts.

THE CONCENTRATED LYE.

What a Pretty Can it is! What do you Suppose is in the Can? Open it and see. Goodness me, it is Concentrated Lye! How Nice! Are you not Glad? Let us eat it. Taste it and See how Warm it is. If you will Eat it you will not Want anything More to Eat For a Long Time.

THE LAMP.

This is a Lamp. It is full of Nice Yellow Oil. Can you Light the Lamp? If there is Too much Oil, pour Some of it in the Stove. Mamma will not Miss the Oil if you Pour it in the Stove, but she May miss you. A little Oil on the Carpet is not a Bad thing for the Oil, but it is a bad Thing for the Carpet and You.

THE CLOTHES PIN.

Here we have a clothes pin. It is made of White Pine, and has a grip on it Like a poor Cousin. It would be Nice to put the Clothes pin on the Baby's Nose. The Baby could not Help itself, and the Clothes-pin would get in its Work on the Nose for all it is Worth.